

A  
 REVIEW  
 OF THE  
 STATE  
 OF THE  
 BRITISH NATION.

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Saturday, August 7. 1708.

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**I**F we had not a Sort of People among us, that cannot blush, methinks the QUEEN's Proclamation publish'd in a late *Gazette*, for a Thanksgiving to be solemnly observ'd throughout the whole Nation, for the wonderful and signal Successes obtain'd by her Majesty's Armies, and particularly for the great Victory at the late Battle of *Audenard*, should make them a little ashamed, who have with such Industry and such extraordinary Application run down the very Notion of a Victory, and will not allow that there is any such thing, and not only would rob Man, but even GOD Almighty of the Praise of it.

*Mad Man.* You will never have done talking ridiculously, *Mr. Review.*

*Review.* Nor you madly, what's the Matter with you now?

*M.* I tell you they are in the right of it, what is it you quarrel at?

*Rev.* I quarrel at the unthankful Temper of the Nation, and their unsatisfy'd reproaching Disposition upon all that serves them.

*M.* I told you all along you were distracted, stark mad, raving, and such as that; pray, *what Time of the Moon is it?*

*Rev.* Well, well, if I am not mad, every Body knows you are, *I am sure I'm right.*

*M.* But come, *Mr. Review*, let me be as mad as I will, perhaps I may talk you into your Sences; will you let me argue a little with you upon this Head, what would you have of the People?

*Rev. It's*

*Rev.* It's evident what I mean; I would not have a Parcel of wicked and ungrateful People disown the Successes, GOD is pleas'd to give us, and encourage the *Jacobite* Interest so far, as to lessen and undervalue every Action that is done to our Advan age, as if nothing were in it.

*M.* That is ill done every Body will allow; but you speak now by an ill-natur'd Presumption, you ought to let your Censure alone till the Fact is clear, and till they do so.

*Rev.* Nay, that is but too evident upon the last Occasion.

*M.* What Occasion? Have we had any Victory to give Thanks for?

*Rev.* Have we had any Victory? Do you ask that Question? Pray, where do you live?

*M.* Live! I live in *Bedlam* you know, where we hear as much News as any Body.

*Rev.* Well, and you heard then, I suppose, of the Victory of *Audenard*?

*M.* Not a Word——

*Rev.* Admirable Madness!

*M.* Look you, *Mr. Review*, That we heard your Guns fire, and your Rabbles shout, and all them Things is not your Question, I suppose; you may be sure, your Madness is as much heard by us there, as ours is by you here; but as to any Account that we mad Men credit, as to any Expresses from our Brethren of the *Shav'd Head and Dark-House* abroad, with whom you may be sure we hold good Intelligence, all our Advices are of another Kind.

*Rev.* What Kind? What, that we have had no Victory?

*M.* No Victory! When do you mean? I know you had several Victories, as at *Blenheim, Ramellies, Turin, &c.*

*Rev.* Well, but at the last Battle.

*M.* What Battle?

*Rev.* Nay, now you are mad indeed, why the Battle near *Audenard*.

*M.* Near *Audenard*! when pray?

*Rev.* True Destruction.

*M.* Not so distracted neither; I may refuse to believe Things, I hope, without being distracted; I tell you I won't believe; and why may not I believe, or not believe, as I please?

*Rev.* What won't you believe the Victory at *Audenard*?

*M.* Believe! I tell you no, I won't so much as believe there has been a Battle.

*Rev.* No Battle, what is it possesses you? — War no Battle? *Are all Men Lyars?* —

*M.* Ay, from the very Beginning; how should they else be a Kin to their Father the — whole Works they do? —

*Rev.* Well, but what is the Meaning of it, what no Battle?

*M.* No, not the least,

*Rev.* What, did the Armies not meet nor fight at all?

*M.* Not at all, nothing but Chymera, Imagination and State-Policy.

*Rev.* Come let us see into this new Lunacy; what was the Policy?

*M.* O to raise Reputation, cannonize great Men, and make Heroes.

*Rev.* Very well, they must be very wise that made such a Fools Net, as that was, to raise a great Story out of nothing, which should be contradicted again presently; what Kind of Reputation would that be to them?

*M.* No Matter, if it serv'd but a Turn for the present Time.

*Rev.* Very well, we shall see presently what Turn it serves, and how foolishly it serves it too, to run it down, when the Consequences every Day confirm it: But pray, *Mr. Bedlam*, what is the Riddle of your new System—What Party are you of?

*M.* I am of the Party of honest Men, that's a Party, I doubt, you han't much Acquaintance with.

*Rev.* Ay, but what Kind of honest Men are they, for every Body call themselves honest Men? I suppose, you are of the side of these honest Men, *that would not have the Duke of Marlborough*——

*M.* Ay, ay, I am of that side, of that side.

*Rev.* Mad Men are always hasty; why you won't let me speak out? I say, I suppose you are of that side, *that would not have the Duke of Marlborough BE*——

*M.* Ay, ay, I tell you I am——

*Rev.* Pray let me speak out, I say, that would not have HIM be victorious.

*M.* I am of their side that won't believe this to be a Victory, and I am for improving



ving the Thought, and resolve not to believe it to be a Battle; and I have a great many very good Reasons for it too, better than perhaps you may think I have.

Rev. Ay, these are the Things I want; will you let us come to these Reasons, for I love to have Reasons for every thing? A mad Man's Reasons must be nice Things, I make no Question, pray let us hear them?

M. Why, my Reasons are such as these; 1. It is the best Way to convince the People that there was no Victory, to make them first effectually believe there was no Battle; and 2. it is every Jott as easie to make out one as t'other.

Rev. Why, but it is a mad Piece of Work to go about to deny there was a Battle.

M. As to that, I am but in my Element you know, and it is every Jott as mad a Piece of Work to make them believe there was no Victory; but as they say, *when one is at the Mass, one's at it*, or over Shoes, over Boots; I am engag'd, among some honest Fellows of my Acquaintance whose Interest runs that way, and I am resolv'd to serve them if I can.

Rev. I thought, as mad as you are, you had kept no such Company.

M. Nay, I assure you, they are very honest Gentlemen, they have more need to be asham'd of my Company, than I have of theirs, for they are Persons of very great Quality.

Rev. Quality never made Honesty; a Man may be noble in Blood, and have little Honesty in his Head, have Grace in his Title, and little in his Heart.—But what call you honest Men? Are they of the true Revolution-Principle?

M. Why, is there a false Revolution-Principle? Who is mad now?

Rev. That is Cavilling, the Terms explain one another; to be of a true Principle, as to England, is to be of the Revolution-Principle; and to be of the Revolution-Principle, is to be of a true Principle.

M. Well, I shall not enter into that Affair now; every Man's Principle is to himself: but they are of an Interest that does not so well consist with the Ends, that mighty Mortal is pursuing, and they would have him out, and therefore they are not glad this Thing you call a Victory has

fallen among his Hands; in order to prevent the ill Consequences of which to themselves, they have order'd me to joyn with them in disparaging and lessening it as a Victory; and this is the whole Business now; and if I can but bring the People to believe there was NO BATTLE at all, *I do the Work*, for then there can be no Victory, and I find it the only Way too; for if the Battle be acknowledg'd to be fought, the D——I cannot hinder the Peoples knowing of the Victory.

Rev. Why truly, I think, the People that set you to work are all madder than you, your Argument has some Weight in it; —but as to theirs, it is the maddest thing I ever heard of.

M. Well, well, what is that to you? all the World is mad in their Turn, and why may not my Friends take a Turn of the World's Lunacy? Don't you trouble your Head, I warrant you, I'll do my Work, if I can but prove there was no Battle; nay if I do but make the Common-People believe it, no Matter whether I prove it or no, I carry my Point; let me but put the Battle out of their Heads—let them remember the Victory if they can—and therefore I am resolv'd to go on with it—I tell you, you are all Fools, if you suffer yourselves to be impos'd upon thus with Notions of great Things; there was no more a Battle in *Flanders*, than there was a Battle in *Hilberoth*, between the *Israelites* and *Sisera*; Do you think, I believe a Word of that old Story of *Deb.* and *Barak*, as if an old Woman should make the *Israelites*, that were then meer Slaves, fight and kill a whole Army, and not one Man left? *Do you think*, I can believe such a Story as that now?

Rev. As you are a mad Man perhaps you may not, but if you were in your senses you would.

M. Truly I believe that and this Tale of a Victory at *Audenard*, much alike.

Rev. Well, but since you are come to Scripture, what think you of the Story of the great Battle between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam*, 2 *Chron.* 13. 17. where *Abijah* got a great Victory, and kill'd 500000 Men in one Day?

M. Ay.